WAY-SIDE SCENES IN CALIFORNIA.

The stranger, as he ascends the mountains towards the mining towns, or passses from one mining district to another, notices the contrast in the scenes around him to anything he ever saw before. The hills are covered with pines and oaks, and shrubs, and flowers of every color and variety. Indians are met in groups, and in every stage of filth and pitch, carrying their "papoose" or baskets of "chemuck" (food) upon their backs, or with pan and tin cup are looking out for "prospects" in the tailings of the miners. Strings of Chiniamen pass, and greet you in broken English with "how you do, John?"—we are all Johns to them, and they to us—their faces, tails and dress, their bamboo canes and heavy loads, are strongely singular to us. Next comes a Negro, with polite "good morning, sar"; or Chileno, Mexican, or Kanoka, with his boney horse and heavy load; then come horse teams, mule teams, ox teams, or mules laden with provisions, tools and clothing for the mines. Now a stage whirls past, or ladies and gents ride by in buggies or on horseback, to look at whom the miner drops his spade and wipes his brow. Here comes the Expressman, he who links the vallies with the mountains, brings gladdening words of love from home, of tidings from the absent ones, of friendly hopes and cheering thoughts; he is always welcome; through rain or snow, or danger, dust and mud, onward he rides, and brings the latest news. Did our friends afar but know how dearly prized their favors are, how eagerly we watch for the Expressman, or beseige the office window as every mail arrives; or did they know how their kind epistles take our thoughts back to live in pleasant memories of the happy past, no mail would leave the shores af the Atlantic without a letter to the absent ones.

Below is represented a Chinese Battle, that was fought on "Five Cent Gulch," Weaverville, Trinity County, California. It originated in sectional hatred and clannish differences, brought from their native land, which gradually increased, so that all endeavors by their leaders or Americans to settle them amicobly, were in vain. Preparations were progressing, weapons the most singular were made, such as double handed swords seven feet long; lances with large hooks near the head; fork handles ten feet long, having three-tined forks, about fifteen inches across the points; shields two feet six inches long, and about twenty inches wide, made of inch pine covered with tin; hand swords, dirks, etc.; all very rude, and made at the blacksmith shops in town, at considerable expense. On the afternoon of July 15th, 1854, the two factions assembled,—one called the "small party" and numbering about one hundred and thirty, the other called the "large party," numbering nearly four hundred,—their banners were flying. and the parties were ranged on opposite sides af the gulch. Much defiant language was used, and some slight manœuvres were made. At length the small party charged upon the large one, and amid shouts and cheers from many hundreds of Americans, who stood upon the hill side to witness the battle, the small party put the others to flight, capturing their flag as a trophy of war, and killing eight of their opponents, losing but two on their own side. An excited Swede firing at random among the combatants was shot down by some one behind. On Sunday, the large party collected their dead together and burned them, as do the Indians, then burying the ashes The small party buried theirs with all the imposing ceremonies of war, walking in funeral procession with music and banners to the grave.